and they do fall constantly, but little is said about it, except the accident be attended with loss of life, as in the case before us, and a coroner's inquest bring the matter before the public. A correspondent, who appears to be well informed on the occurrence we have set forth, says: "There is a class of small builders in Belfast who, in order to secure employment, will get the architect's plans and specification to prepare tenders from, when the chances are, that the next day the architect is informed by the proprietor that, on consideration, he will not do any thing more at present, as it would involve him in too much cost. But mark what follows: in five or six weeks we find the same contractor who borrowed the documents actually at work without overseer, clerk of works, or architect, and making his unfortunate employer believe he is about saving him one-half the entire cost."

Belfast is not the only place in the world where such conduct, which would, of course, be scouted by any respectable builder, is practised. Proprietors about to build might ask themselves, if men who can be guilty of it are likely to exhibit the integrity and honourable feeling they would like to find in those they employ.

THE UNITY OF ART.

That Art is one is a proposition which, amongst its followers, appears not to receive that recognition to which a due consideration of its possible consequences would seem to entitle it. Familiar with, and by long habit accustomed to, the manipulations (if I may so term them) of his own peculiar branch of art, the professor sees, if the subject occupy his attention at all, but a dim and shadowy resemblance between it and others, which, if pursued, is in most cases soon entirely lost sight of in that sea of technicalities which every aspirant must pass through ere he reach the mastery he aims at; and thus, though the painter or architect may love the voice of music, the musician revel in the poet's rhyme, and the poet gaze with delight on pictures or on palaces, yet shall each be unable truly to appreciate or detect those excellences or errors which, in his own department, he lights on as by intuition; and the eye that, almost at a glance, can disentangle the intricacies of the palette, finds itself blind to those of the music score; and the mind that can bring forth verse worthy to be sung by angels, is incapable of wedding it to aught of music that might elude the scorn of men.

To alleviate these inconsistencies, as far as my humble endeavours may, to show the proper unity of art to both its professors and admirers, and by so doing to add to the productive power of the one and the perceptive power of the other, is the object of the following observations. I shall, in the first place, endeavour to define the unity of art,—to show in what way art is one; and, secondly, to exhibit the consequences of this unity, or the use of the doctrine.

In defining the unity of art, I observe, in the first place, that art is one in its origin. Art is a spiritual apprehension of nature: the followers of its different branches are alike votaries of the beautiful: the painter, and sculptor, and architect are priests of the mystery of form, as the musician is of the mystery of sound, and through these different vehicles they communicate their secrets to mankind. Each of the arts is properly the result of the highest application of the loftiest faculties of the human mind, and is but a different mode or mean "by which human nature's mysteries are reflected or illuminated." The arts are not, however, derived from their parent source in exactly the same manner: the architect does not literally copy nature: "the image he carries away with him," as Mr. Ruskin truly remarks, "represents what we can only perceive in her by direct intellectual exertion, and demands from us, wherever it appears, an intellectual exertion of a similar kind in order to understand and feel it." The business of the architect is to produce an edifice with all the grace of which its essential forms are susceptible; in doing which he cannot directly imitate nature, except in those parts which are properly called decorations: he will listen to her precepts and follow her in spirit throughout: but direct imitation, in the general and structural forms, is not a principle of architecture; and in this respect (viz. its non-imitation) it is inferior to the other arts of form: doors, windows, columns, entablatures, however imposing in their symmetrical and geometrical grace, must be subordinate, in sensuous beauty and interest, to the human and other figures and objects that enter into the compositions of the painter or sculptor. Architecture is, however, as much the offspring of nature as the rest: her beauty is the muse of the architect as well as of the painter and sculptor. From the unbounded variety of design and form which is exhibited in the wide domain of nature, was evolved the true principles of ancient architecture, and every meritorious trait which subsequent styles have developed, may be traced to the same source.

As to poetry and music, though differing widely from the three former arts in their outward manifestations, they are equally the offspring of the common mother: both have their natural archetypes. I do not mean that they are literal imitations of nature—(a flute-player does not imitate the lark, but he puts the same feeling, or inflection of feeling, into his flute that the lark puts into his throat)—they are the reproduction of the utterances of nature as interpreted by the human heart. "A particular picture or copy of verses," writes an eloquent author, "if it do not awaken the same train of images, will yet induce the same sentiment as some wild mountain walk." "Vocal music is a harmonious expression of the passions which find utterance in the voice." Music is more abstract than the other arts; not excepting architecture: it is least of all a direct imitation of nature: it is the least material—the most spiritual; and might be imaged or conceived as the harmonious spirit of the rest. It does not, like poetry, and painting, and sculpture, give us a train of images: it does not present objects or actions either to our mental or bodily eye; but it awakens the emotions which certain objects or actions, bearing analogous resemblance to them, would themselves have excited. Music is as perfectly systematised as the rest: different chords predominate in susceptibility in different breasts; but every one, not physically deficient, is affected with substantially the same emotions that were felt by the author in composing, and which he communicated to the piece.

To this identity of origin, each department of art bears testimony in many ways; in none, perhaps, more strongly, than in the similarity of use or office of the model, theme, subject, or whatever the ground-work may be called on which the material expressions of genius are founded. In the figure,—the musical phrase,—the place, person, or action,—the painter or sculptor, the musician or the poet alike see but the dead body, as it were, which it is their province to vivify with that portion of infinite beauty and truth which has been revealed to them; or the germ from which it is their task to evolve those trains of lasting consequence which their gifted penetration has foreseen. In this lies the difference between the mind of the artist and that of the ordinary spectator. In the circus, the theatre, at their solemn games and festivals, doubtless the Greeks of old gazed (and admiringly) on many a noble naked form, and haply among them, on the model of the Belvidere Apollo; but to the sculptor Agasias only was it given, through the perishable pride of manhood, to see the unfading and majestic beauty of the immortal. Others saw in his model but, though finely formed and noble looking, a man even as themselves; but it was not so with the sculptor: he looked not only on, but *through*, and whilst with bodily eye he gazed on the man,

"With an eagle's flight
His proud soul mounted through the fields of light,
View'd the bright countenance of heaven's blest abode,
And the cold marble leap'd to life a god."

Nor are the other arts behindhand in bearing similar testimony to their common source: the productions of the musician and the poet tell the same tale to the soul as those of the painter or sculptor, and through their respective media evidence the forethought and the foresight of the artist, as the picture or statue does his foresight; all alike showing the same informing and evolving power, derived from communion with the infinite, which enables them, from subjects (viewed abstractedly) inconsiderable as the first faint streaks of the morning, to bring forth a beauty and a truth refulgent as the noonday sun.

I observe, in the second place, that art is one in its end. The use or office of every great man is to enlarge the sphere of human intellect, to push its boundaries farther into chaos, and invade the dark unknown; and the artist goes abreast of the poet in this work,—in threading the labyrinth of life,—in decyphering the handwriting "upon our cell." And the value to us of his productions, as of the poet's, lies in their depth and truth. As in dramatic poetry, the source of the charm is the same, whether we turn to tragedy or comedy, viz., truthful representation; so in the arts, however different, however contrasting in their material manifestation, genius is not to amuse, but to refine, to elevate and advance us, by trimming the great lamp of the soul—truth,—and leading us

"On to truth's eternal source."

The object of each of the arts is to show us what *is really in nature and life*,—to develope the finer spirit of things,—to seek after the true and the beautiful, and to reveal it to mankind, and let in light upon the higher and subtler truths of existence. Fiction makes a romance of history,—art a romance of nature,—a poetic delineation of her features. Here is the superiority of art to nature,—the landscape artist unfolds to us a fairer creation than we know: he conveys to his canvas "the gloom of gloom and the sunshine of sunshine;" he will seize the life and expression,—the quintessence of nature, not nature herself,—the poetry, not the prose,—and communicates, through his work to the spectator, his own sense of the power and beauty and harmony of the universe. It is the same with portraiture: the daguerreotype process will produce a portrait mechanically perfect: the painter cannot do that, but he can do more—he can study the character of his sitter, *and portray the soul*. Notwithstanding the mechanical correctness of the daguerreotype, it is never equal as a likeness to the painted picture—what might easily have been predicted of it: the former is the production of a sunbeam; the latter, of a human agent, a higher source, and consequently the parent of a higher issue.

It is not because of any deficiency or weakness of nature that the ministry of art was instituted. Nature, we should remember, is but another name for infinity. Art is but the ministress of nature,—the priestess to her divinity, to lead us to the footsteps of her throne. Our perceptive organs and faculties must be educated before the varied excellence of works of art will be unfolded to the intellect; but the ultimate end of art itself is to educate the eye to a true perception and just appreciation of nature, and awaken us to the enchantment that surrounds us. Without education in art, nature is partly a sealed book: the eye cannot discern that beauty for the contemplation of which it was created. Whilst ignorant of the wonders of art we cannot duly appreciate the capabilities of nature to affect the soul: to do justice to her grandeur and sublimity, and guess her full significance, we must trace her features and principles through the mind of the artist to their new development or higher and spiritualized form in the realm of art. The object of landscape painting is to open the eye to the eternal and ever-changing picture of earth and sky; of portraiture, to the beauty of the human form and face; and of all art, by initiating us into the

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